from a carpenter and made a slit in the canvas to watch Mrs. Kean as Hermione!

Devoted to her art, conscientious to a degree in mastering the spirit and details of her part, Mrs. Kean also possessed the personality and force to chain the attention and indelibly imprint her rendering of a part on the imagination. When I think of the costume iu which she played Hermione, it seems maryellous to me that she could have produced the impression that she did. This seems to contradict what I have said about the magnificence of the production. But not at all! The designs of the dresses were purely classic; but then, as now, actors and actresses seemed unable to keep their own period and their own individuality out of the clothes directly they got them on their backs. In some cases the original design was quite swamped. No matter what the character that Mrs. Kean was assuming, she always used to wear her hair drawn flat over her forehead and twisted tight round her ears in a kind of circular sweep—such as the old writing-masters used to make whea they attempted an extra grand flourish. And then the amount of petticoats she wore ! Even as Her-mione she was always bunched out by layer upon layer of petticoats, in defiance 'of the fact that classical parts should not be-dressed in a superfluity of raiment But if the petticoats; were full of starch, the voice was full of pathos—and the dignity, simplicity, and womanliness of Mrs. Charles Kean's Hermione could not have

been marred by a far more grotesque costume.

There is something, I suppose, in a woman's nature which always makes her remember how she was dressed £t any specially eventful moment of her life, and I can see myself, as though it were yesterday, in the little red-and-silver dress I wore as Mamilius. Mrs. Grieve,